No Fool like the Old Fool:

OR, A

Pertinent ANSWER

TO AN

Impertinent LIBEL,

CALL'D

CHICKENS FEED CAPONS.

Written with a malicious Intent to aſperſe the Character of an Innocent Young LADY of Beauty, Merit and Fortune.

Interſperſed throughout with ſeveral Real Hiſtories of the *Tragical Effects*, which the Unnatural and Cruel Behaviour of Parents has produced on the beſt and moſt deſerving Children.

LIKEWISE

An APOLOGY for the little Sallies of Youth, and a ſhort View of that unreaſonable Captiouſneſs too incident in Old Age.

The whole done with an honeſt Deſign to expoſe the *Falſe Reaſonings*, as well as anſwer the *Virulent Railings* of the above-mention'd Writer.

Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Quærit & inventis Miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque miniſtrat.
Dilator, ſpe longus iners, aviduſque futuri:
Difficilis, querulus: laudatur temporis acti
Se puero cenſor caſtigatorque minorum. Hor. de Art. Poet.

By a Friend of the Lady injured.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

IT *is certainly a very great Crime to aſperſe the Character of any Perſon, whether it proceed from Envy, Malice, Wantonneſs, or Ill-nature. But this Crime, like moſt others, admits of a vaſt abundance of Aggravations: And will not the Guilt of it be heighten'd, if a Story coin'd on Purpoſe, or an Action innocent in itſelf, is placed in a falſe Light, with a View only to be miſtaken, and*

thereby furniſh out Matter for Calumny and Abuſe? But if to all this we ſhould add a Cruel Deſign, to blaſt the Reputation of a virtuous young Lady, whoſe Beauty and Merit render her as amiable as her Fortune makes her conſpicuous in the Eyes of Mankind, and this by accuſing her of nò leſs than Murder and Paricide: (Does not the Foulneſs of the Facts take away all Probability from the Charge?) How horrid an Idea muſt we form of the Author of ſo vile, ſo black, ſo infamous a Contrivance? If one may judge of the Writer of this Libel, by his Performance, one muſt take him for a peeviſh, old Fellow, who is diſpleaſed, and out of humour with every thing that looks like Sprightlineſs or Youth; at the ſame time that he is extra-

extravagantly fond of every Whim, that bears but the Sanction of Old Age, or that can but boaſt its Deſcent from that venerable Grandam of the worſt Errors, grey-headed Antiquity. What a Heap of disjointed Arguments! Remnants of Verſes! whining Complaints! and extravagant Expoſtulations! has he raked together, only to prove, what ſure was never yet deny'd, that Age, in general, is honourable; and that Reſpect as well as Duty, is due to our Parents. But as this is done in the moſt confuſed manner, as ſeems moſt agreeable to his Malice, I ſhall ſift the Wheat from the Chaff, in order to ſet Things in their true Light; and as an Antidote againſt the falſe Reaſonings, as well as virulent Railings, contained in that Pamphlet, exhibit the following Pages;

Pages; which will, I flatter myſelf, be thought by my Readers, a ſufficient Anſwer, and full Juſtification of that injured Innocence, againſt whom all this Venom was intended.

No

No Fool like the Old Fool.

THere is no Cauſe, to which the Multitude of Errors that from time to time have overflow'd the World, can be more juſtly aſcribed, than to the aſſerting Doctrines in general Terms, or laying too great a Streſs on the Letter of thoſe Laws, that relate to our Morals and Behaviour, even tho' they be drawn from the Sacred Scriptures. Human Affairs, are attended with ſo many Variations, and are ſo very different in their Circumſtances, that it is impoſſible, for any Rule to regulate exactly, all Caſes: and this very Conſideration has introduced into all polite Nations, the Uſe of Equity, which is nothing elſe but a reaſonable and candid Conſtruction, of the Written Law, where thro' the Frailty of human Wiſdom, there ariſes a Diſagreement, between the Letter,

Letter, and the Spirit. But there is a Sett of out of the way Mortals, who for Reaſons beſt known to themſelves, are for aſſerting the Authority of the Letter, without any Modification whatſoever. And by that means often pretend the expreſs Commands of Heaven for doing very ridiculous, and ſometimes even wicked Actions. *Be ſubject to the Higher Powers*, one would imagine were a very innocent Text, and meant no more than to exhort us to Obedience, under a legal Magiſtrate. Let but one of theſe Dogmatiſts get hold on't, and he preſently tells you that it enjoins a paſſive and indiſſoluble Submiſſion. Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God? ſays the Papiſt; if ſo, does not *Chriſt* ſay there, *This is my Body?* How then dare you disbelieve it? If the bare Words of the Text are to decide. This is a knocking down Argument, tho' it may be as juſtly urged to prove him a *Vine*, or a *Door*.

Juſt ſo our Author, *Honour your Parents*, is a Precept both of the Law of God and Nature: But how does it follow therefore, I beſeech you, that we are to pay a religious Veneration to their Weakneſſes, or a paſſive Obedience to their Dotage? This would be to imitate the Wiſdom of the

the *Mahometans*, who ſuppoſe every Madman a Prophet, and every Changeling a Saint. Yet upon this Bottom chiefly is the whole Piece founded, which I have undertaken to examine, and all the Reaſons built for that ſorrowful Lamentation of his, occaſioned by the preſent reigning Contempt of *Old Women*.

As our Author ſpeaks here very feelingly, and indeed from the Bent of his whole Performance, ſeems to be one of the Siſterhood; we muſt forgive him for the manifeſt Reflexion, which in his Heat he is pleas'd to let fall againſt the Judges. "The "Story of the Witch, *alias* the poor old "Woman of *Hertford* (ſays he) is yet freſh "in every one's Memory, and had not the "very Judges upon the Bench ſeen thro' "the Enthuſiaſm and Obſtinacy of the E-"vidence, who ſwore thro' thick and thin: "Had not the Judges themſelves, I ſay, "repreſented the Thing in a right Light, "to the Higher Powers, poor *Jane Wen-"man* had certainly been truſs'd up." Why ſhould the Judges, I pray, be the moſt unlikely to diſcover any Abſurdities in Witneſſes? Or how comes it to be ſo ſtrange, that they ſhould ſet ſuch Matters as were try'd before them, in a true Light to the Higher Powers? Let him learn more Man-

ners for the future, out of reſpect at leaſt to the preſent Ornaments of the Bench, ſome of whom, I aſſure him, would reſent as warmly as himſelf, any Injuries done, to *Old Women.*

I don't know but the Fright he has put himſelf in, " about the Young Ones bring-" ing in a Bill for the better trimming of " Mankind," *i. e.* for knocking ancient People on the head; may have inſpired him with that Spirit of Mourning, which he has ſo plentifully poured forth, throughout no leſs than four Pages: In the fifth however, as a Specimen of his Learning, he gives us a threadbare Paſſage of Natural Hiſtory; and then after a little more ſighing and ſobbing, having by this time, as he imagines, put his Reader into a very melancholly mood, he thinks it proper to introduce the Story, for which all this Gallimoffry had been raked together. As to Facts, he aſſerts them to be true of his own Knowledge; while I, from the ſame Authority, venture to aſſure you it is intirely Fiction, from one End to t'other, and that the whole is an envious, malicious Forgery, without the leaſt Foundation. That my Readers may not want ſome Evidence of the Truth of what I ſay, I ſhall take the liberty to examine him, as they take Anſwers in *Chancery*, that is, againſt himſelf; and I don't doubt

doubt making him confeſs enough to convince you, that his Relation is a continued Series of Improbabilities, intermixed now and then with downright Contradictions. In the Beginning, where he finds it beſt for his Purpoſe, he tells us, that the Old Gentleman being weary and indeed almoſt incapable of Buſineſs, thought it beſt to leave off Houſekeeping, to marry his Daughter, and ſettle in her Family. Be it ſo then; yet in three Pages further, when his Malice renders it neceſſary, he acquaints us that he was a Wit, and ſpoke very diſcreetly. Pray how does this tally? I could have wiſh'd our Author had remembred an old Proverb, that there are a certain Sett of People in the World, who ought of all things to have a good Memory. But to go on; I confeſs the cold Roaſt-Beef, Herrings, and Fritters, at the Table of a Man, whoſe Wife brought him twelve thouſand Pounds, looks as odd to me as it poſſibly could do to him; tho' I cannot think the Things in themſelves altogether ſo deſpicable neither, as he is pleaſed to make them. But the moſt amazing ſtroke of all, is the ſecret Hiſtory of the large Fowl and Oyſter-Sauce; this is really ſo extraordinary a Piece of Intelligence, that I confeſs, were it not for our Author's Gravity, I ſhould have been apt to have ſuſpected his having an Amour

with the Cook-maid. The not having a drop of Wine, nay and that even their home-brew'd Ale ſhould be a Potion, ſeem to me to be another brace of Wonders. His Chariot and Appearance are very happily introduced, and the Account he gives of his own manner of living, eating, and drinking, is ſufficient to convince us, that there are more Writers than *Montaigne*, who are fond of Egoticiſms. I dare ſay this Task of laying open his Abſurdities, tho' there be yet a great deal of Work upon my hands, is grown as irkſome to my Readers as it is to my ſelf; I will therefore poſtpone it, in order to enter upon ſomething that may be more agreeable. Our Author, ſure, would not have us believe that the Commands of God tye us to an implicite Submiſſion to the Whims and Caprices, as well as reaſonable Injunctions, of our Parents. Shall we imagine that a Being of infinite Mercy and Goodneſs, who never expects any thing harſh or unnatural from his Creatures, ſhould yet enjoin us Slavery in another Place, or delegate a Power to any other whatſoever, greater than that he is pleaſed to aſſume himſelf? This is a Suppoſition, I ſay, altogether irrational, if Men would but lay aſide their little Prejudices, and conſider it calmly.

I ſhould be very ſorry if the Number of thoſe ungrateful and ſacrilegious Perſons, who never think the Old Man or Old Woman do any thing as they ſhould do, were near ſo numerous as our Author ſuppoſes them. I am ſure however, that there are vaſtly more Old Men and Old Women who are outrageous in their Averſions, towards even the moſt innocent Recreations of Youth, and who expect from their Sons and Daughters at fourteen or fifteen, as much Silence, Gravity, and Circumſpection, as they themſelves have at fourſcore, accompanied with as fearful and timorous a Submiſſion, as they had when they wore their Slavering-Bibs.

Our Author is, I confeſs, however in the right, when he pleads for Tenderneſs and Compaſſion towards the Weakneſſes and Infirmities of Old Age. It is certainly the Duty of Children to uſe it in the higheſt Degree to their Parents; and however bad an Opinion this Anſwer may give him of me, I aſſure him, I moſt earneſtly wiſh the Age may never come, in which *Filial Piety* may not be eſteemed, even a glorious Virtue. But upon what is all this founded? Certainly upon the Will of God, manifeſted in the Order of Nature, by which Old People are appointed to feel almoſt

almoſt as great an imbecillity as Infants, thereby in their Turns to experience the kindneſs of their Offſpring, who by gratitude (which ought to be the ſtrongeſt of all Ties) are bound to the Performance of this Duty. I fancy my Antagoniſt, by this time, begins to think I have Reaſon: Let me entreat him then, in his Turn to acquaint us, how that ſprightly Activity, which is as much the Characteriſtick of Youth, as peeviſh Indolence is of thoſe who are far advanced in Years, ſhould be any Crime, while reſtrained within the Bounds of Innocence and Decency? And why we ought not to believe that there is a reciprocal Obligation upon Parents, to comply with it, and that they ought to be extremely cautious how they omit it; ſince ſuch Omiſſions are frequently productive of the worſt of Conſequences, and very often are the cauſe of a moſt heavy Repentance to both Parties.

To relieve the Spirits of my Readers a little, I will give them an Inſtance in a Young Lady ſtill living, and of the Truth of every Circumſtance, of which I can upon occaſion produce the moſt Authentick Teſtimonies.

Ophelia,

Ophelia, at about Seventeen, was the Widow of a Baronet, and had three thouſand Pounds in Money, and ſix thouſand Pounds worth of Jewels, in her own Diſpoſal. An Uncle of her Husband's, who was exceedingly rich, grew extremely fond of her, as indeed ſhe had all the Qualifications, that could either excite Love, or attract Eſteem. The old Man, who had never been married, would have had her have lived with him, and offer'd to ſettle a vaſt Sum upon her on that Condition. In the interim her Father, who was infirm, wrote to her out of the Country, and inform'd her, that unleſs ſhe would come down and ſtay with him, 'twas impoſſible for him to live. She well knowing the ſtrange Effects his Vapours often had on him, without the leaſt Conſideration of the noble Fortune ſhe ſhould loſe, in diſobliging her Uncle, choſe immediately to obey. When ſhe arrived at his Seat, ſhe found *Sempronius* (ſo I ſhall call her Father) extremely afflicted with the Gout, and ſtill more ſo by his Hypochondriack Diſtemper; however, ſhe attended him with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Duty, humour'd all his Peeviſhneſs, ſaw that every thing was done, in the manner that might beſt pleaſe him; cloiſter'd herſelf from all Company, and ſpent ſeven hours in the four and twenty, in reading

to

to divert him: all this however could not deſerve a good Word. On the contrary, *Sempronius* was ever chiding, thwarting and reproving her; nay, would ſometimes ſay the moſt bitter things, and even fall to downright railing and abuſing her. Her Goodneſs imputed all his ill Treatment to the frowardneſs that might be occaſion'd by his Pain and his Diſtemper; ſhe bore it therefore with the greateſt Patience, till her Father, at laſt took it in his head, to marry her to a certain old Knight, of an immenſe Eſtate; but who, for all that was exactly the Picture of *Don Quixotte*, when ſtripp'd of all his good Qualities. No body, I dare ſay, will wonder at the Reluctancy of ſo young a Lady to ſo diſproportionate a Marriage. Her Father however, that he might have it in his power to force her, got both her Money and her Jewels into his poſſeſſion, and upon her running away from ſuch a doting Skeleton of Chivalry, declared, (tho' they were abſolutely her own Property) that he would never return them. Death ſoon after put it out of his power; and this unreaſonable Difference with his Daughter has ſince reduced that poor young Lady to the greateſt Misfortunes.

Behold

Behold here the Reward of all her Care, Piety, and Kindneſs, from the unaccountable Humours of an ill-natur'd old Man!

Quis talia fando temperet a Lachrymis?

Even in *Spain*, where the Ladies labour under the greateſt Reſtraints, they have a Cuſtom, which in ſome meaſure prevents theſe unnatural Matches. If the Fair-one happens to be the eldeſt Daughter, and engages her Affections, againſt the Inclinations of her Parents, ſhe has no more to do, than to repair to the Prieſt of the Pariſh: he enquires into the Family of her Lover; if he finds he's a Gentleman, all's well, he is immediately put into poſſeſſion of his Wife, and her Father is obliged to give her a Fortune ſuitable to his Quality.

As our Author has dreſs'd up his Story, I muſt acknowledge that it wants only Truth, to be a very moving Relation; yet I doubt not, but that if I were to recite all the Stories that fall within the Compaſs only of my own Knowledge, of the Cruelties and Hardſhips put upon Children, by their Parents, that it would excite, as loud a Volley of Interjections and Exclamations,

as he has, even thought fit, to ſhower down upon this Occaſion.

I was intimately acquainted, within theſe few Years, with a Widow Lady in *Cambridgeſhire*, (the whole County are no Strangers to the Story) who had only one Son and one Daughter; the Son was ſilly and a Rake; the young Lady had Senſe, and was extremely good-natur'd; Maſter was his Mother's Fav'rite, ſhe ſuffered him to ſquander away a vaſt Sum of Money, at the ſame time that ſhe ſcarce afforded enough to give the Girl a very indifferent Education. By that time he was two and twenty, the young Gentleman died, every body imagin'd then that Miſs would be no longer out of Favour; they were miſtaken, ſhe was immediately ſent to board, in a diſtant part of the Country, at twenty Pounds a Year, without the leaſt Allowance for her Pocket. There, in the midſt of her Misfortunes, her Merit gained her the Heart of a Gentleman of a good Eſtate, in the ſame County, who married her: All this, however, made no Impreſſion on her Mother; ſhe continued inexorable, even to her Death, when her Eſtate, being unluckily wholly in her own power, ſhe bequeath'd it (near twelve hundred Pounds a year) by Will,

Will, to a Gentleman barely of her Acquaintance, without ſo much as leaving her Daughter one Shilling. I am as far from charging Parents, in general, with being inclined to this ſort of Uſage, as I hope he is from charging Children in general, with Diſobedience and Want of Reſpect; all I aim at, is to ſhew that Age has its Faults as well as Youth: and perhaps I ſhould not be in the wrong, if I were to add, that it has much the larger ſhare of the two.

For it is not enough that Parents exerciſe this ſevere Authority themſelves over their Offspring; but they muſt (as is very often the Caſe) appoint a Deputy Tyrant alſo to take care of their Daughters, who wears the Title of a Governante. This is uſually ſome decay'd old Prude or other, whom Years and Misfortunes have generally render'd pettiſh and ill-humour'd. The uſe ſhe makes of her power over her Charge, is to croſs and thwart her in all her little Childiſh Actions, by which ſhe ſoon enters into a kind of mutual Compact with her, to hate and be hated. The Governante is always telling Tales of Miſs, and Miſs is ever contriving how to plague her Governante: All the Uſe that can be

pretended for these antiquated Superintendants, is their taking care of the Education of the young Ladies, and this too generally is done after an odd manner: strange Notions are put into her Head, of the Vices of the World; she is taught, that a demure Look is the Essence of Virtue, and that a precise Behaviour is all that's meant both by Morality and Religion. Not liking these Lessons, and less pleased with the Restraints that are laid, even upon the most innocent Freedoms; 'tis ten to one, if she be a Girl of Spirit, but she flies out at once, and her Father and Mother, by this time, finding their Mistake, turn the Governante too, out of Doors, for not taking better Care of her.

In *Spain* these Female Wasps are call'd *Duenna's*, and are there so generally hated, that *Quevedo* in his Visions tells us, that the Devil himself would not receive them, for fear if they came in, that they would set all Hell in an uproar.

I fancy by this time it may be expected I should return to our Author: Having therefore run over a few of the many Improbabilities that are to be found in his Story, and having accused him already of Detraction,

Detraction; I think I may fairly add to that, a Charge of very near as much Cruelty, as he would fain impute to the Young Lady. Could a Man ſee his old Acquaintance, his School-fellow with whom he had ſo great, ſo long an Intimacy, in the miſerable State in which his own Pen has drawn him; and yet give him no greater a mark of his Friendſhip, than keeping him at the Tavern till Eleven a-clock at Night, and making the Old Gentleman drink more than he could bear? And all this too, done by one who makes an Appearance, keeps a Chariot, never deigns to eat cold Meat, or to dine without Wine at his Table. *Rara Fides!* To take not the leaſt care of an unhappy Friend while alive, and yet out of ſtark Love and Kindneſs to him, after his Death to abuſe his Daughter, and libel his whole Family.

I confeſs I am under a concern to know, whether our Author have any Children or not? This extraordinary Inſtance of Affection would be a moſt excellent Example for them, and if he does but take care to educate them in their Father's Kindneſs, Charity, and Good-Nature, I am perſuaded he may have reaſon one time or other, to make uſe again of the ſame Exclamation,

Quo

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu.

Our Author having now pretty well vented both his Grief and his Gall, he talks throughout the reſt of his Pamphlet a little more coolly; nay, and what is ſomething ſurpriſing, he begins in a great meaſure to lighten the Load, he has been hitherto throwing upon Children, and lays it where, he muſt pardon me if I ſay, he has full as much Reaſon, *viz.* at the Door of their Parents. "We bring our Youth "up, (ſays he) to deſpiſe us, and to our "ſhame be it ſpoken, we make Rods for "our ſelves." This is a very juſt Obſervation, and as the Conſideration of it gives me full as much concern, as it poſſibly can do him, he will not, I hope, take it amiſs, that I have endeavour'd to ſet it in a little clearer Light.

Certain it is, that want of Care in Education is the uſual, I might perhaps add, the ſole Cauſe, of all thoſe Evils, of which the Diſcourſe before us ſo heavily complains: And what better can be expected from a Generation, one third of which has had but very little, and I dare ſay another

ther third has had no Inſtruction at all? Men in theſe Days ſpend the Morning, Noon, and, when their Abilities do not forſake them, even the Evening of their Days, in getting Money; and that but too often *per fas, aut nefas.* How then can they hope for any thing more from their Poſterity, than that they ſhould bend their Endeavours to the ſame End, and apply their utmoſt induſtry for attaining that Point, in the purſuit of which, they have thus ſeen their Fathers conſume their whole Lives? It is this exorbitant and unreaſonable Value that is ſet on Money, that has not only leſſened the Veneration which is due to Parents, (for what Virtue is there that can inhabit a ſordid Mind?) but has alſo in a great meaſure driven out Morality and Religion from amongſt us.

Fathers are now-a-days often ſo far from caring whether their Children have proper Improvements made on their natural Capacities, or no, that they frequently grudge them a very narrow Education, and there wants not Inſtances of ſome Men, both of Birth and Fortune, that have totally deny'd it. 'Tis not many Years ago, that a Perſon of Rank, who had an Eſtate of ſome thouſands *per Annum,* ſuffered his

two

two Sons to have no further pains taken about them, than would juſt qualify them for the Plough; and as ſoon as they were capable of that, thither he ſent them. The Young Gentlemen did not ſtand in need of any Inſtruction, to find out the Diſagreement between the Life they then led, and the Fortunes they were one day to inherit. Such a Reflection in Minds unſeaſoned with Principles of Virtue, ſoon produced the worſt and moſt fatal Effects: They both fell into the wickedeſt Meaſures, and in fine took Courſes ſo violent to obtain Money, that in a little time the Eldeſt, (without the leaſt Interpoſition of his Father) ended his Life at the Gallows; and the Second would ſhortly after have done ſo too, had not the Old Man relented at laſt, and taken proper Meaſures to prevent his being found Guilty at his Trial. Since which, he has, by his Father's Death, ſucceeded to the Dignity and Eſtate of the Family. By his own Induſtry he has acquired a very competent Share of Learning, and what ſhews his former Courſe of Life was not owing to his Nature. He bears, with juſtice, at this day, the Character of as honeſt and worthy a Gentleman, as any in the County.

How often do we hear Parents repining at the Expence of their Children's Learning? How many Attempts have been made in the preſent Age, to leſſen the Credit of our Univerſities? And how many virulent Libels have been publiſhed even againſt Charity Schools?

When People have in their middle years of Life been Enemies to Learning, and Deſpiſers of Education, at leaſt ſuch a one, as might have implanted the Seeds of Virtue and Honour in the Minds of their Deſcendants; it is ridiculous to hear them whining in Old Age, and bemoaning Evils, which with ſo much Induſtry they have been labouring to produce. Should we pity? or rather ſhould we not laugh at a Man's complaining of Weeds growing up in his Garden, when he had been at the pains to plant them? If Children, who have been carefully inſtructed in Youth, ſhould deſpiſe their Parents, it would certainly be a great and inexcuſable Offence: But where Parents, who have been wanting in that Duty, meet with Diſreſpect in their Offſpring, they ſhould conſider it as a Misfortune of their own procuring, and ſhould bear, with Patience, this Puniſhment

of their Neglect. *Do Men pluck Grapes from Thorns? Or Figs from Thiſtles?*

What I before hinted at, *viz.* unneceſſary Reſtraints, is another very wrong Step in Parents. Amongſt the many Evils that have their Source from that Spring, one of the moſt dangerous, is, that young People having a natural Inclination to Pleaſure, of which their Ideas muſt of neceſſity be very confuſed, and not rightly diſtinguiſhing when they come to their full Liberty, they often make choice of the worſt Sort, and ſeldom diſcover their Miſtake, till they have paid very dearly for making the Experiment. Wickedneſs and Folly only want to be known, to be deteſted; and perhaps it has been one means to render Vice ſo alluring, the ſo ſcrupulouſly keeping on her Veil.

Miranda, who had a conſiderable Fortune left her, and who was the only Daughter of a very rich Trader, was by him treated like a Priſoner of State; ſhe was not only under the Guidance of her Mother, but was alſo more particularly the Charge of an old Maiden Aunt, who had little Manners, leſs Good-Nature, and no Underſtanding. By that time ſhe was ſeventeen, ſhe was ſo tired, of the ſeverity, with

which ſhe was conſtantly treated, that ſhe readily laid hold on the firſt Opportunity to eſcape; and accordingly run away with a Sharper, who had found means to ſee her twice, and who, except a ſmooth Tongue, and a tolerable Perſon, had not a ſingle good Quality to recommend him. Father, Mother, and Aunt, all join'd in their Outcries at her Choice, tho' to ſay the Truth, one need not ſo much wonder at a Miſtake of this kind in one of *Miranda*'s Condition, who knew no way to make a Diſtinction amongſt Men, but by their Clothes. In ſhort, it is a jeſt for a Parent to be angry with a Daughter, for not making uſe of her Eyes, when he himſelf has made it the Buſineſs of his Life to keep her blindfold.

When I talk of unkind Parents, I cannot help ſpeaking of my Neighbour Juſtice *Willfull*, who is the greateſt Inſtance of paternal Tyranny this day living. He has three Sons, and three Daughters, all of whom he has taken pains to render as unhappy as he can. The Eldeſt, who was a very fine Gentleman, but a little extravagant, he obliged, when under Neceſſity, and in a high Fever, to part with his Right to the entail'd Eſtate, for a Trifle. His

ſecond, whom he has bred a Lawyer, has had the Grace ſo exactly to copy his Father, that he has the univerſal hatred of all that know him, and is never mention'd but with a Curſe, by any who have been ſo unlucky as to employ him. The third, who was extreamly good-natur'd, and did not want Senſe, touch'd too nearly with his Father's hard Uſage, is actually run Mad. As to the Daughters, when they were Young, allowing for an entire want of Education, they were really not diſagreeable; but upon their Father's declaring (tho' he has two thouſand Pounds a Year) that he would not give them any Fortunes, if they married during his Life, 'tis no wonder that they are all Old Maids, and even the Youngeſt is upwards of Thirty. Their chief Buſineſs is to watch the Maid, and the Boy, (which are all the Servants he keeps) at their Meals, and to take away the Victuals when they think they have eat enough. They have moreover the Cuſtody of the *Cheſhire* Cheeſe, and are ſole Diſpoſers of the Small-Beer. For the old Fellow himſelf, he is not only exceſſively ſtingy, and ill-natur'd, but has alſo abundance of particular Humours, which his unhappy Daughters are plagued to death to comply with; and cannot with all their Care avoid being

being told twenty times a Day, that if they don't mend their Manners, he will turn them out of doors.

I would not have my Antagoniſt imagine that I have turned his own Stratagem upon him, that is, invented Stories, as well as he. On the contrary, if his Curioſity reaches ſo far, let him but give me, as he has done his Bookſeller, a Bond to indemnify, and I will immediately give him a Liſt of Names, Places of Abode, *&c.* and put it in his power to convince himſelf of the Truth of every Fact that I have mentioned.

The reſt of our Author's Performance is ſo very different from his Beginning, and ſo nearly of a piece with what I have hitherto been ſaying, that I will ſpare my Reader and my ſelf the trouble, of a farther Examination. But as my Subject has obliged me to give ſome Inſtances of falſe Meaſures taken by Parents, ſo I aſſure him that it is with the greateſt Pleaſure, I take this Opportunity, of concluding with a Picture of another kind.

Flavius and *Meliſinda*, are the moſt perfect Patterns of Parental Tenderneſs and Affection, as *Florio* and *Orinda* are the moſt

moſt ſhining Inſtances of Filial Piety and Obedience. *Flavius*, who is a Gentleman of excellent Natural Parts, adorned with all the Advantages that flow from Learning and Politeneſs, took himſelf care of the Education of *Florio*, and has the Satisfaction of beholding his Inſtructions have a better Effect than even his fondeſt Hopes could have expected: That young Gentleman, at nineteen, is not only a perfect Maſter of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, but underſtands alſo the *French*, *Spaniſh* and *Italian* Languages; has ſome Skill in Muſick, and an inſight into moſt parts of the Mathematicks; and tho' he is very capable of ſpeaking well on moſt Subjects, yet it is with the greateſt Modeſty, that he ever ſpeaks at all. As to *Orinda*, ſhe owes all her numerous Perfections to her Mother; in her we ſee Beauty, Innocence, and Good Senſe, adorned with the moſt ſhining Wit, and accompanied with the greateſt Good-Nature. The moſt perfect Harmony reigns throughout this Family, and they are all Strangers to the leaſt degree of Diſcord and Confuſion. *Flavius* and *Meliſinda*, ſeldom command; for *Florio* and *Orinda*, who are well acquainted with their Tempers, make it their entire Study to prevent them by their Obedience.

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The ſole Emulation that finds place amongſt them, is, whether the Young Ones ſhall exceed in Reſpect towards their Parents, or their Parents ſurpaſs in Kindneſs to their Children.

In fine then, let me exhort my Readers, carefully to infuſe in the Breaſts of their Poſterity, a Spirit of Virtue; from the Effects of which, they muſt alone hope to find Veneration in their old Age; and to give them the greateſt Examples of it in themſelves, as the ſureſt Means to deſerve it.

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